

The All-Nighter

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Summary: Tuffnut's idea of a good ghost story. Takes place during Defenders of Berk, Episode 3: The Night and the Fury. One-shot.

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><p>"All right; who's up for an all-nighter? You guys are gonna' love my ghost stories."

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><p>"Long ago, on a lonely, solitary island, lived a Viking. His name was..." Tuffnut scratched his head and thought for a moment. "I don't remember what his name was. Too bad."<p>

With a shrug, he continued. "This Viking was fierce; he was so fierce he fought everybody and everything in sight. Oh, he loved to destroy things." The last statement was delivered with a quiver of happiness. "He would flail his arms and kick and roar until he became a whirlwind of destruction and everything he touched exploded."

At that point, Tuffnut attempted to recreate the whirlwind of destruction and in so doing put his foot in the fire. "Ow," he snapped, pulling it back. "Anyway, that's what he did. Until the day he met...The Frightening Fire-Flinger!" An expectant pause followed, but Tuffnut's captive audience remained quiet.

"The Fire-Flinger was even fiercer than the Viking; they fought, screaming and kicking and clawing and scratching..." Another pause.

"Yeah, a lot of scratching. And then The Frightening Fire-Flinger ate the Viking's hand, just like that. And the Viking screamed some more."

Another demonstration followed. " 'Owww, owww, you horrible Fire-Flinger, you ate my hand; somebody help me.' " An idea seemed to occur to Tuffnut just then. "I wonder if Gobber sounded like that. Anybody know?" He scanned the faces around him, heads bobbing slightly and gleaming eyes lit with flickering firelight. There was no answer.

"Oh well; guess it's not important. Where was I?" More head-scratching. "Oh yeah, the Viking lost his hand and called for help. When the Viking's friends came to rescue him, he told them that he had killed The Frightening Fire-Flinger. They fixed him up with a golden hook for his bravery. Stupid friends." A roll of the eyes accompanied this statement.

Arms spread wide, Tuffnut stalked around the cave as he continued the story. "Several weeks later, the Viking lay dreaming in his little, wooden Viking house. He dreamed a snuffling, scratching sound." Once again, Tuffnut paused. "Kinda' like Ruff's snores," he whispered conspiratorially, slinging an arm over Barf's neck. "But you already knew that, didn't you?"

Barf shook off the offending appendage and lifted his head higher than the boy could reach. Tuffnut took the gesture as sign to continue. "When the Viking woke up, he still heard scratching. And worse, his golden hook was gone. Well that just made him scream some more." Toothless laid his ears back, just as Tuffnut began yet another demonstration.

" 'Oh, scratching and snuffling!' " Tuffnut bellowed, " 'And my golden hook is gone!' All of the Viking's friends gathered 'round, shaking in their boots, as he staggered around like a ghost."

The shadows of Tuffnut's outstretched arms danced on the walls as he approached each dragon in turn. " 'Scratch, scratch, who stole my golden hook? Scratch, scraaatch...' Then he turned around, and he said, you did!" In a dramatic recreation of what must have been an intense confrontation, Tuffnut ended with his finger pointed at Meatlug.

Something rumbled in the depths of the cavern. "Oo, tough cave," Tuffnut quipped with perfect nonchalance.

Whatever hold the erstwhile storyteller may have had over the dragons was broken as Toothless stood and made to leave. Tuffnut blocked his way. "Hey hey, going somewhere?"

The End

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